The Other World At Ogden Point

By JOHN FREDERIC GIBSON

The night of April 6. It is dark and cool, almost windless. The Ogden Point docks appear deserted. The headlights show stacks of lumber and large notices saying "No Trespassing." Three of the CNR coaches, backed on a siding, seem to be inhabited. Their windows, frosted by heat within, are brilliant with light. Beyond is darkness.

Right ahead stands the grain elevator, its highest lights mingling with the stars. One wonders idly what it is doing there anyway. Then, around a corner to the left is the usual dock scene. The legs of the cranes straddle the quay and the rail tracks; the sudden, artificial end to the land drops perpendicularly to the water. It is almost high water. A ship lies motionless, a sizable chunk of Norway (9,590 tons), under her own arc lights. Her name is on a lifebuoy: Risanger—Bergen.

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She is ready to sail, and the atmosphere is unmistakable. The agents and friends are leaving or have left. The docks are deserted. An engineer pads past in overalls, carrying a flashlight and looking preoccupied. The derricks are rigged for sea; the hatches are secured. The crew is at ease, having a brief respite between

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The Blue Water

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a full working day and night watches.

The hull is pale grey, spotless. Upperworks are white. The masts and derricks are cream. The ship, built in Sweden in 1951, does not look her age; she has the squat, streamlined funnel of the post-war motorship. Away past the cretinous line of ventilators lies downtown Victoria, where people are dining and walking, talking, driving. Already the ship is apart, for her crew will not go ashore again on the Island; they have withdrawn into their steel world.

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Every ship has a character. Risanger is solid, determined, hygienic and unsmiling. She is clean within and without, freshly fumigated, as a cereal carrier, against unwanted insects, freshly painted. She vibrates slightly, and it is possible to hear the power of the engine room fans. Her crew has been unrelaxed during the night and the engines have been at a few minutes' notice for steam. Risanger is not likely to be caught unawares by a sudden storm.

The chief officer sits at his desk; he is a lean, sunburned man, superficially taciturn but with a swift smile. He looks tired as he stares from the papers on his desk to the framed drawings of Risanger on the bulkhead. Next door in his brightly decorated day cabin there are chintz-covered chairs. The whole place is spacious and comfortable.

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Last-minute preparations. A man brings in a sheaf of forms which the chief officer reads, signs and hands back. He will be pleased when the ship heads south for San Francisco and Europe. His duties include the organization of cargo work, the supervision of derricks and winches, the allocations of various cargoes to specific holds or parts of holds. In fact, when at anchor or alongside, loading or unloading, in dock or in a shipyard, the chief officer is concerned. More often than not he stands a watch at sea.

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Now he leans back and talks of his voyages between the Pacific ports and Europe. He expects to discharge Risanger in Hamburg or Trieste or some other port in central or southern Europe. But she never goes to Norway. He gives the bleak, wintry smile of an admiral who is definitely not amused. Oh, yes. The other ships in the company are the same.

A tall man appears in the doorway and introduces himself as master of a small freighter. Could anyone tell him where his anchor is?

"It is on the bottom," the chief officer says casually.

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They discuss the matter, how Risanger has heaved in her own anchor to discover another one, together with some cable, wrapped around the flukes. The Norwegians have untangled the mess and thoughtfully brought the strange anchor to the quayside. They have tethered it to a bollard with a three-inch rope.

"It is our rope." The chief officer shrugs. "It doesn't matter. We have more."

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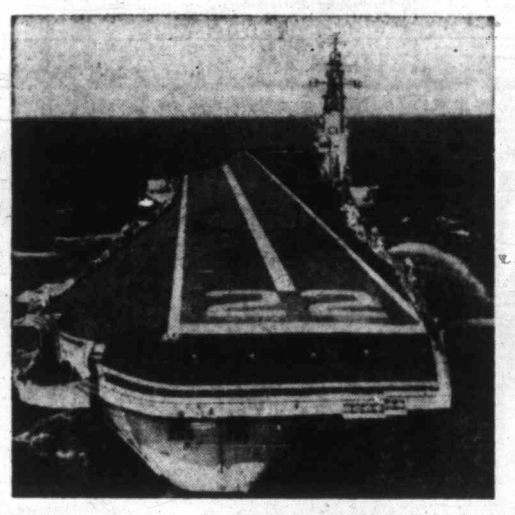
On the ship there is movement, light, power and warmth. Men walk from their cabins hurrying with last-minute instructions. Some are on the forecastle head, looking down at the mooring ropes. It is all very ordinary, this business of sailing for Europe with a cargo of Canadian prairie wheat. In the morning Risanger will be heading around Cape Flattery.

When she sails there will be complete darkness along the quay. There is nothing more lifeless and forlorn than a dock without ships. Equally, it is possible to spend a pleasant hour beside or in one of these freighters. They bring with them, across 6,000 miles of ocean, not only those items which are labelled "imported" in the stores, but also the intangible quality of a distant land.



Bonaventure in NATO Visit

Canada's recently modernized aircraft carrier HMCS Bonaventure, shown in a recent photo, headed a task group of Canadian navy warships and a submarine of the British navy. They all arrived at Norfolk, Va., to participate in NATO's 10th anniversary ceremonies.

Off the Record

Scarface Al Capone New Teen-Age Idol

By JIM TAYLOR

Remember the Davy Crockett craze? Remember the coonskin caps, the Crockett tee-shirts, pens, sweaters and socks, and the Little Alamo building kits?

Well, the teen-agers are about to be introduced to a new national hero, and the commercial possibilities are limitless. His name is Scarface Al Capone.

Parents will remember Mr. Capone as a gentleman who did a lot of the roaring in the roaring '20s. What with running rum, pushing dope and other such trivia, he became the United States public enemy No. 1 until he got picked up for tax evasion.

Now Mr. Capone returns, via a movie bearing his name and a song called "The Ballad of Al Capone." This disc is designed to build up a youthful audience for the picture.

All this brought back memories of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," and I can't help but wonder if the manufacturers will jump on the Capone name as fast as they did on Crockett's. There are all sorts of items that would sell.

Clothing manufacturers could produce Al Capone striped suits ("Go to prison in style in a stylized Capone suit by Brooks Brothers.")

Items like the "Al Capone High School Confidential Kit," featuring tight blue jeans, switchblade, knuckledusters and stomping boots, would be cinch sellers. Kiddies would undoubtedly love an Al Capone water pistol that shoots water in jets shaped like dum-dum bullets, and a game like "Pin the Rap on the Warden" would probably sweep the country.

If the record ever reaches the top of the hit parade, look for a rash of bootlegging. If Al could do it, so could junior.

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In Austria, a teen-ager heard a rumor that "if one throws a schilling into a juke box and pours immediately afterward a bottle of Coca-Cola in the slot, the machine will operate for 10 more hits without more money."

He tried it, and wound up in court. However he got off, because the judge said the damage was not wilful.

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NEW RELEASES: **Ricky Nelson** and **Dean Martin** have teamed up to do "My Rifle, My Pony and Me," from their movie, "Rio Bravo." . . . **Ray Anthony** seems to have another cinch hit in "Walkin' to Mother's," by Peter Gunn composer **Henry Mancini**. . . . **Sarah Vaughan** makes another try for the big time with a revival of the oldie, "Careless." . . . **Bill Parsons**, who had a smash with "All-American Boy," follows up with a likely-sounding thing called "Carefree Wanderer." . . . **Harry Belafonte** has taken "Turn Around" from his new LP, backed it with "Darlin' Cora," and come up with a two-sided folk tune threat that is slated for big things for RCA Victor.

The Car Corner

Scorpion on Nose, Sting in Its Tail

By J. T. JONES

Chap phoned the other day and asked: "Why is it always the expensive cars you like? First it's Porsches—then it's Mercedes. Isn't there anything cheap?"

So herewith we introduce the most rousing little monster in a long time, the Abarth Fiat, which sells in the $2,000 bracket and is a chortle-producer of the highest type.

Outwardly it looks like an ordinary Fiat 600, except for the scorpion crest on the nose and the ventilating holes in the wheels.

But once you've found the rather unusual starter (down between the front seats) the bark of the engine gives the secret away. There is nothing in this world sounds quite like a hot Italian engine—one-third machine-gun, one-third forest fire, one-third fire siren—and this is a hot Italian engine despite its small size. It puts out 41.5 horsepower from its 45.6 cubic inches, which amounts to .91 horsepower per cubic inch, at 5,500 r.p.m. This is European horsepower, and not just somebody's wild claim.

Compression ratio is 9 to 1, and the normal Fiat engine has had its stroke increased about a quarter-inch, both of which contribute an extra boost in torque.

The other major change from the 600 is in the brakes, which are large, finned and well-ventilated.

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What does this all add up to? Well, I can tell you that one MG-A driver looked really stunned when I nipped past him just as he shifted into second.

The Abarth whisks through traffic and around hard corners like a weasel. Hills mean nothing to it. Its traction, with rear-mounted, water-cooled engine, is phenomenal, and yet the balance has been maintained well enough to give really excellent, straightforward handling.

I was watchful on this point, because as is well known, rear-engined cars have been known to be tricky and swing-axle independent suspension, while it holds the road very well, can cause disconcerting steering effects at the rear. No such thing with this Fiat, though. It does just what the steering wheel tells it to.

The ride is a surprise. After a short spell at the wheel it's a real jolt to step out and see how tiny the Fiat is. Inside there's ample elbow room for front seat riders, and not-so-ample knee room in the rear.

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The Abarth firm is a well established manufacturer of speed equipment for Fiats and other European cars, and it modifies these little ones on a production basis. The job is done properly, by qualified engineers and with the connivance of Fiat. It isn't just an engine soup-up; as I mentioned, the brakes are improved to deal with the higher speeds involved, and everything else about the car ties in.

The thing to remember about the Abarth-Fiat is that the scorpion on the nose means a sting in the tail.

Delinquents Sing a Song

NEW YORK (UPI)—Special Sessions Justice J. Randall Creel is fighting juvenile delinquency with a song he wrote.

He ordered seven teen-agers, charged with car theft, to learn the lyrics and be prepared to sing them.

But when the youths showed up in court in good voice, Creel was away and the song-fest was put off.

The song, about a youth called "Just Borrow," starts off this way:

"Young Just Borrow was
a borrowing guy.
"He'd borrow your shirt,
pants, shorts or tie.
"Just was a pretty good
kind of a sort
"Except borrowing was
his major sport."

The moral:

"Cars are special property,
"unauthorized use is
larceny."

Power Body Loses Anyway

B.C. Power Commission will face substantial deficits in the next two years even if the Shrum commission recommends rate boosts, a BCPC spokesman told the royal commission.

The publicly-owned power utility is seeking an 8 per cent increase in residential rates and 10 per cent in commercial.

In answer to a request by Dr. Gordon Shrum for further information, the power commission said yesterday it is prepared to write off deficits for the two years from its $2,500,000 general reserve funds.

THE VOICE OF ONE

By REV. DR. FRANK S. MORLEY

A reducing and exercising establishment goes by the name "Thinner Sanctum." Similarly memorials to famous athletes are called "shrines." Such degradation in the use of language means degradation of man's soul. Lack of reverence is the deadliest of our perils.

Einstein said that the man who lacked the emotion of awe and reverence was as good as dead. One of the most terrible sentences in literature is the warning of Jesus, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine."

This world gives us a spiritual callus. Paul believed that man was "the creature made visible in the mirror of Jesus Christ" and that the body was the temple of God. Our world treats man as a thing to be used and with casual sexuality regards the relations of a man and a woman as "ham and eggs."

Human life has become the cheapest thing on the world's market. In a time of inflation, it is woefully deflated. Loss of God means loss of man. No theology means no humanity. Only as a child of God does man become not an object for exploitation, but a personality to be loved.

They Try to Steal Our Souls

"Sometimes I drop on my knees in wayside shrines and pray that I shall not end by being tawdry," says a character in a Fitzgerald story. Life will corrupt us, however, if we are not on guard constantly. A thousand rogues try to steal our souls every time we go down a street.

Everywhere the world says, "Blessed are the covetous. Blessed are the secure. Blessed are the strong. Blessed are the noisy." It takes a thoughtful and reverent mind to sort out the true values and to see the judgment on the Machiavellis who deride truth and goodness.

Someone described the most characteristic feature of modern man as "tired eyes." Or are they the anguished eyes of the exile, the desperate eyes of the homeless? Man has three basic hungers, according to Evelyn Underhill: a craving for something beyond this world, which makes him a pilgrim; a craving for love, which makes him a lover; and a craving for purity and righteousness, which makes him a saint. T. S. Eliot describes such a personality in his play The Cocktail Party, when Celia Coplestone confesses to a "craving for something I cannot find and of the shame of never finding it."

Overshadowed by Eternal

Robert Smillie, leader of the British miners, was described by W. J. Brown as "a man whose life was overshadowed by the Eternal and whose life was lived under other eyes than those of his fellow men. The values saturating him derived from beyond time and lent to his utterances a quality which was difficult to define, but most potent indeed to feel." How few leaders are like that today!

Such rare and precious living requires constant vigilance and single-minded devotion. We must continuously be aware of our need of the Grace of God to free us from our slavery to the physical, making us sensitive to the fact that "the place on which you are standing is holy ground." Kenneth Grahame in "Wind in the Willows" lamented "The most precious possession of the human race is the wonder of the world. Yet latterly the utmost endeavors of mankind have been directed toward the dissipation of that wonder." But we lose our souls only if we consent.

Canadian scientists at McGill University and elsewhere are experimenting with the effect of hormones in cancer growth. Some researchers believe that an "imbalance" of the endocrine (ductless gland) system may have some bearing on the growth of malignant cells.

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